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DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

[BY REV. JOHN KENNEDY.]

III. *The Satiric Pieces* are very pungent and show that the poet's power in this respect fell not far short of his ability to praise. The "*Satire on the Tailor*" is very severe. He says, "evil is in thy nature innate; thou canst not do the right, till thy sins bring thee to death's door." "It was folly in thee to have brought thy wit to bear on me who heeded thee not; but of thy deceit and raillery thou shalt have quite enough. I know thy habits, ignorant and fault-finding, with a tongue like a razor in thinness and sharpness. Thou art a crooked barren tree, full of rottenness and decay, that grew gnarled and low, stunted, misshaped, uneven, with a stock craving the fire." "Thou art thin, useless and tough; and though found in a ditch by dogs and ravens—feeding on thee, they would fare but sparingly. A worthless tailor art thou, constantly in corners mending old stuff and sitting in the dust. Thy appearance is ill-favoured—bonnetless, wigless and hairless—all gone, a man without respect, honour or wisdom, etc.," and so on in the same scathing strain. One trait or feature mentioned—"a hen's head" reminds one of the common proverb—"Ceann mòr air duine glic, is ceann circe air amadan"—"a big head on a wise man and a hen's head on a fool." Every disadvantageous consideration is adduced against the tailor, who is said to be colder than the frostiest weather. The bard finally doubts whether he can be of the race of Adam, as he can detect no resemblance in him to the species, and dismisses him with no consolation, save what death and the grave may afford.

The "Satire on Ann" is nearly as cutting as the foregoing. She is compared to a cross dog that snarls in the door, and represented as mocking old age, and as constantly given to drink; as having been with the gypsies carrying old horns, and as having a tongue without control and like a serpent's. In her seamed face is the look of death, and she is the picture of laziness. "If others find her as I have found her, they shall never re-visit her."

Then follows a satire on Hugh the Piper, who had insulted the bard at Kintail and who must therefore be paid back in his own coin. He also is compared to a wicked dog, barking at all passers-by, and intent on biting their heels. He is to be hurled out of the society of bards and pipers, as a fruitless bough is cut away from a flourishing tree. It is hinted that he should quit his country as that would be a considerable relief, or good riddance. He appears as the impersonation of all sorts of defects; and his musical efforts are compared to the cries of ducks, geese, and pigs.

The last satire to be noted is one directed against John Wilkes as the enemy of Scotland; but it lacks the point and poignancy of those in which the poet's personal spleen finds expression. It is pretty long, and there are some very forcible passages—such as the one in which his country is said to feel ashamed of such a son; but the comforting consideration is, that no wood is found without a wasted tree. Wilkes is this withered, barkless, branchless, sapless, leafless, rootless tree. He is compared with the raven that returned not to Noah's Ark. His presence in the Parliament of Great Britain would be nothing less than national disgrace. He had spoken slightly of the Highlands, and thus provoked the poet's ire, so that he could wish him nothing better than death; and as Wilkes had already deserved and received the malediction of the whole world, he now gives him his in addition.

IV.—We now come to the *Descriptive Poems*, in which the bard is seen to best advantage. He was educated by nature herself to appreciate her charms; and the result shows that in this matter he was an apt scholar. Nothing seems too insignificant to claim his attention. His portrayal of the beauties of

nature is completely successful—so much so that he may without fear be thus placed on a par with Macdonald. Duncan Ban had ample opportunity to study the scenery of his native hills, as he spent the greater part of his life in an occupation that brought him constantly in contact with the scenes he describes.

Before discussing the larger pieces in which his genius finds full scope, two short odes may find a place here. The one to Edinburgh gives a very accurate picture of that fair and famed city. It resembles to some extent a similar ode by Burns who also depicts the beauty and charms of fair Edina. In Duncan Ban's ode we have at the outset a tribute paid to the hospitality of this large city. Then its castles, strong ramparts, and large buildings are noted. Reference is next made to its appropriateness as a court residence, with all its accompaniments. The form and dress and habits of the people are observed, and commented upon by him; and a parallel drawn between life there and life among the hills and heather. Parliament House, Parliament Court, King James' Statue, and the Infirmary are then described, and the city's lovely situation concludes the picture.

The other, which ought perhaps to have been included in the songs of sentiment, is the fine lyric on the "Gift Sheep." It is a long and specially felicitous piece in which a vast variety of things are made subservient to the one object—the expression of gratitude for the gift, and of grief for the loss of it.

The method in which this is done may be indicated. He thanks his benefactress by stating that he would remember her name at every toast. The sheep that came from Coir'uanain is described—part of her fleece is white as mountain-down, part as red as "carnaid," and part like the broom. This sheep of white feet was smooth as silk; she had two lambs every year, and milk to spare—on which the bard fared in summer. "Oh! my loss, the day she was killed among the ferns. Oft do I visit the spot where her blood flowed freely. In the heather beside Altghartain she slept without awaking. How wroth I feel with the fellow who had the boldness to go near her—the birds may riot on her flesh and fat. When I reached the place only her shadow was left. Now that I have lost my sheep my garments are likely to

become thin." But to avoid this sad prospect he starts on a tour to gather wool, and states the reception he is likely to get in each house. This occupies several stanzas. He then returns home with a load big enough for a little horse, and sufficient to last for a whole year. Then the process of *pressing* is gone into in detail—how the maidens gather, and how they sing so sweetly that the birds retire. Each has her distinct piece of work. When the whole is done; the cloth is sent to the tailor, who does his part and fits it for the poet. This only the more strongly reminds him of his loss, and he draws another picture of the peerless sheep, which in turn brings the good giver to his recollection. Again he acknowledges the gift, and ends it all very practically by saying:—"Farewell to what has gone—it is better for us to speak of what remains. 'Tis better to be cheerful with what we have, than to feel gloomy over what is lost."

Like Macdonald, Duncan Ban composed an "Ode to Summer," which is particularly smooth and flowing in diction. As no translation can give but a faint idea of the original, and specially of the wealth of epithet employed, only some of the chief thoughts shall be indicated here.

When summer comes with its branches and leaves the storm-clouds shall disappear, and strength and warmth and joy shall return—and everything shall feel the potent power. Such virtue shall be in the strong sun, shining upon the whole world, that every seed shall grow, drawing sap from the kindly soil, and in all stages of its progress, filling and ripening for harvest. Pleasant is the smell of the twigs in the fertile and abundant garden, where the choicest plants under the sun's genial ray, become gradually clothed with green. We are familiar with the fine saying that Solomon in all his glory was not adorned like the lilies of the field. Here the illustration is a king's palace, which, however grandly decorated, cannot for a moment be compared with the beauty and splendour of nature's summer palace. Every glen among the hills is enrobed with flowers of marvellous texture and of a thousand hues. The epithets employed to set this forth, are as varied and abundant as the profuseness of colouring and radiant tints that are seen on every hand. Every forest becomes green; and the deer proudly disport themselves,

and bask together in the sun on the sides of the hills. Each hind with her calf lying beside her, and the stags not far away. This is a sight to give length of days to those who are fond of the hills. In a similar manner the habits of the roe-deer are told. The birds resume their wonted song, and in their joy welcome and invite to the woods and glades. The moorfowl, cuckoo, blackbird, etc., are all graphically depicted.

The growth of the woods is then touched upon—the birch becoming green and fragrant shows that summer has come—primroses and daisies appear. The heather begins to bloom, and the bees go forth to work as diligently as the man that sows his fields. The cattle are led forth by the songful nut-brown maid, with their young and speckled calves beside them. The genial, kindly, fruitful sun beams upon and blesses the world—illuminates the sky, brings forth and ripens the fruits of the earth.

The next poem to be noticed is "*Coire-a'-Cheathaich*," "*The Misty Corrie*"—one of the best known and choicest of all the poet's compositions. It is a description of one of the Highland glens where every flower, and bush, and stone, and hillock forms a feature in the picture. As will have been noticed, there is a considerable degree of sameness in the subjects treated, but the mode of treatment varies greatly, and the different styles of word-painting give an agreeable effect. Only one who was thoroughly acquainted with the physical contour, and appreciated the beauty and natural wealth of a Highland valley could have produced this poem. Although many of the objects that are described here find a place again in "*Ben Dorain*," the one is in no way a repetition of the other. Instead of giving an outline of the particulars treated, it may be preferable, in this instance, to give some verses, by way of specimen, from the translation of Mr. Robert Buchanan :—

" My beauteous corrie ! where cattle wander—
My misty corrie ! my darling dell !
Mighty, verdant, and covered over
With wild flowers tender of the sweetest smell ;
Dark is the green of the grassy clothing,
Soft swell thy hillocks most green and deep,
The cannach blowing, the darnel growing,
While the deer troop pass to the misty steep."

" Round every well and every fountain
 An eyebrow dark of the cress doth cling,
 And the sorrel sour gathers in clusters
 Around the stones whence the waters spring ;
 With a splash and a plunge and a mountain murmur
 The gurgling waters from earth upleap,
 And pause and hasten, and whirl in circles
 And rush and loiter, and whirl and creep.

" Out of the ocean comes the salmon,
 Steering with crookéd nose he lies,
 Hither he darts where the waves are boiling—
 Out he springs at the glistening flies !
 How he leaps in the whirling eddies :
 With back blue-black, and fins that shine,
 Spangled with silver, and speckled over,
 With white tail tipping his frame so fine."

Although this is a good translation, it fails to convey the fulness of meaning and the felicity of expression that are found in the original ; as may be seen by quoting and comparing the last stanza—

" Tha bradan tarra-gheal sa choiré gharbhlaich,
 Tha tigh'nn o'n fhairge bu ghailbheach tonn.
 Le lunneis mheamnach a' ceapa mheanbh-chuileag,
 Gu neo-chearbach le cham-ghob cròm ;
 Air bhuinne borb, is e leum gu foirmeil.
 'Na éideadh colgail bu ghorm-ghlas druim
 Le shoilsean airgid, gu h-iteach, meana-bhreac,
 Gu lannach, dearg-bhallach, carr-gheal sliom."

It will be seen at a glance that many of the qualifying words and phrases are left out or condensed in the English rendering—and this is indeed inevitable.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES OF THE CLAN MACLEAN.

III.—THE MACLAINES OF LOCHBUIE.

[By REV. A. MACLEAN SINCLAIR.]

WE shall probably write several articles about the Macleans. It is therefore better to adopt some general heading. The one given above, Sketches of the Clan Maclean, will serve our purpose. In our first article we dealt with the origin of the Clan ; in our second, we gave a sketch of the Macleans of Duart. In the latter of these we were led by some works that we consulted into the mistake of calling the battle of Benbigory the battle of Bern Bige. Benbigory is no doubt the correct name. It is that which is given in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Kildalton.

John Dubh, fourth chief of the Clan Maclean, had two sons, Lachainn Lubanach and Hector Reaganach. Lachainn Lubanach was the first Maclean who owned Duart. He succeeded his father as Chief of the Clan. He married a daughter of the Lord of the Isles, and had five sons and two daughters, John, Hector, Lachlan, Neil, Somerled, Finguala, and Maria. John seems to have died young. Hector succeeded his father in Duart,—Skene's *Celtic Scotland*, Vol., III. page 482.

1. Hector Reaganach, second son of John Dubh, was the founder of the family of Lochbuie. He married Christina, daughter of Malcolm Macleod of Glenelg and Harris, Malcolm son of Tormod, son of Leod. He had six sons, Murdoch, Donald, Charles, Ewen, Thomas, and Malcolm. Murdoch succeeded his father in Lochbuie. Charles settled in Glenurquhart. He was the ancestor of the Clann Thearlaich or Macleans of the North. It is an old tradition that Charles was the eldest son, and that he gave up the lands of Lochbuie of his own accord to his brother Murdoch. In the "Family of Maclean," a valuable work in possession of the Macleans of Ardgour, it is positively stated that this was the case. Page 17.

Hector Reaganach was feudally independent of his brother, Lachainn Lubanach. He received his lands from the Lord of the Isles. In the Statistical Account of Argyleshire it is stated

that these lands belonged to a chief named Mac-Fadyen before Hector Reaganach got them.

2. Murdoch, second Maclean of Lochbuie, was succeeded by his son John.

3. John, third Maclean of Lochbuie, received a grant of the lands of Lochiel from John fourth Lord of the Isles, in 1461. He was succeeded by his son Hector. He had a daughter who was married to William, seventh Macleod of Harris.

4. Hector, fourth Maclean of Lochbuie, was one of the witnesses to a charter granted by the Lord of the Isles in 1478. He married Marion, daughter of Alastair Crotach, eighth Macleod of Harris. He was succeeded by his son John Og.

5. John Og, fifth Maclean of Lochbuie, received from John, fourth Lord of the Isles, and Alexander of Lochalsh, a charter of the office of bailliary of the south half of the island of Tiree, in 1492.—Gregory's *Western Islands*, page 55. He got a charter from the King of the lands of Lochbuie in 1493. The possessions of the family comprehended at that time lands in Mull, Tiree, and Morvern, and the islands of Jura and Scarba. They had also a legal claim to the lands of Lochiel, and to those of Duror and Glencoe.—Gregory, page 70. John Og was killed, together with his two elder sons, in a feud with Hector Mor, eleventh Maclean of Duart, about the year 1537. He was succeeded by his third son, Murdoch, Murchadh Gearr.

6. Murdoch, sixth Maclean of Lochbuie, received from the King a charter of certain lands in Morvern, in 1537. All the lands that had belonged to his father were granted to him by the King in 1542, and called the Barony of Moy. Anderson, in his *Scottish Nation*, says that he married a daughter of the Earl of Antrim. This could not have been the case. He may, however, have married a daughter of Sorley Boy, Somhairle Buidhe, father of the first Earl of Antrim. A writer in "*Cuairtear nan Gleann*" says that he married the only daughter of Ailean nan Sop. He was succeeded by his son, John Mor.

7. John Mor, seventh Maclean of Lochbuie, was one of the most expert swordsmen of his day. He married a daughter of Macdonald of Islay. He had two sons. Hector, his heir, and Charles, progenitor of the Macleans of Tapull.

8. Hector, eighth Maclean of Lochbuie, married a daughter of John Gorm Campbell of Lochnell. He was succeeded by his son, Hector Odhar.

9. Hector Odhar, ninth Maclean of Lochbuie, married the only daughter of Sir Lachlan Mor Maclean of Duart. He died about 1628, leaving two sons, Murdoch Mor, his heir, and Lachainn Mor. He had a daughter, Margaret, who was married to Donald Macquarrie of Ormaig.

10. Murdoch Mor, tenth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Julian, fifth daughter of Sir Robert Campbell of Glenurchy. He had no issue. He died about 1662. He was succeeded by his brother, Lachlan Mor.

11. Lachainn Mor, Eleventh Maclean of Lochbuie, was served heir to his brother, April 12th, 1663. He married Margaret, daughter of Hector, second Maclean of Torloisk. He had by his wife three sons and a daughter, Murchadh Og, John, Hector, and Mary. He had also a natural son named Allan. Murchadh Og, married a daughter of Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder, but had no issue. John married Isabel, daughter of Macdougall of Dunolly. He had no issue. Mary was married to Ewen, ninth Maclean of Ardgour. Murchadh Og and John both died before their father. Lachlan Mor was succeeded by his third son, Hector.

12. Hector, twelfth Maclean of Lochbuie, received a charter of the lands of Lochbuie, in 1670, his father who was still living, reserving a life interest. He married Margaret, daughter of Colin Campbell of Lochnell, by whom he had four sons, Murdoch, John, Allan, and Lachlan. He gave over the estate, in 1705, to his eldest son, Murdoch, reserving a life interest for himself. He gave at the same time a life rent of the lands of Pennygoun to John, of the lands of Garmony to Allan, and of the lands of Knockroy to Lachlan.

13. Murdoch, thirteenth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Anne, daughter of Sir Hugh Campbell of Calder. He had four daughters, but no son. He was succeeded by his brother, John of Pennygoun.

14. John, fourteenth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Isabel, daughter of Duncan Macdougall of Dunolly, by whom he had one son, Lachlan, his successor.

15. Lachlan, fifteenth Maclean of Lochbuie, married a daughter of Macdougall of Dunolly. He had one son, Hector, who succeeded him. He had also a daughter, Mary, who was married to Allan Maclean of Drimnin.

16. Hector, sixteenth Maclean of Lochbuie, died shortly after his father. He was never married.

Allan Maclean, third son of Hector, twelfth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Julian, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of the family of Torloisk. He had several sons, all of whom died young except John. He had a daughter, Julian, who was married to Hector Maclean of Torren. His son, John, succeeded Hector, sixteenth Maclean of Lochbuie.

17. John, seventeenth MacLaine of Lochbuie, obtained possession of the estate about 1750. Dr. Johnson, who paid him a visit in 1773, describes him as "a true Highland laird, rough and haughty, and tenacious of his dignity,"—not a bad description of himself except that he was not a laird. He married Isabel, daughter of Donald, third Maclean of Brolas, and sister of Sir Allan Maclean, Chief of the Clan. He had a natural son named Gillean. He had by his wife one son and two daughters, Archibald, Isabel, and Catherine.

Archibald MacLaine, Lochbuie's heir, was a lieutenant in the 84th or Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. He quarrelled with his commander, Brigadier Allan Maclean of Torloisk, and brought several charges against him. He was tried by court-martial in Quebec, and dismissed from the army. He left Canada in 1784 to lay his case before the King in person. During the passage home he had a dispute with one Daniel Munro. On the 6th of August he became so enraged against Munro that he started for his sword to his state-room, with the avowed intention of killing him. Munro hid behind the door, and ran his sword through MacLaine as the latter was passing by on his way back from his state-room. Munro seems to have been an inoffensive man. He tried to avoid MacLaine, but the latter kept up the quarrel day after day. Archibald MacLaine married Barbara Lowther in Boston. He was married only a few months. He had no issue. He was a hot-headed man, and used his tongue too freely. There are several documents in the Haldimand Col-

lection in Ottawa respecting his quarrel with Brigadier Maclean. The first is a memorial from him to General Haldimand, and is dated March 7th, 1780.

We do not know when the Macleans of Lochbuie, Clann-Ghilleain Locha-buidhe, began to spell their name Maclaine. John, the seventeenth head of the family seems to have been among the first who adopted this mode of spelling it. At any rate Archibald his son always spelled his name in this way.

Lachlan Maclean of Knockroy, fourth son of Hector, twelfth Maclean of Lochbuie, married Flora, daughter of Lachlan, sixteenth Macquarrie of Ulva. He had a large family. His eldest son, Murdoch, succeeded John of Lochbuie.

18. Murdoch, eighteenth Maclaine of Lochbuie, was a captain in the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment. He married Jane, daughter of John Campbell of Airds. He had, with eight daughters, two sons, Murdoch his successor, and John, who was killed in action in Ceylon in 1818.

19. Murdoch, nineteenth Maclaine of Lochbuie, was born in 1791. He was a lieutenant in the 42nd Royal Highlanders. He retired from the army in 1812. He married Christina, daughter of Donald Maclean, of Kinloch. He had six sons, Murdoch, Donald, John, Allan, Colquhoun, and Alexander. He had also five daughters. He died in 1844. Murdoch, his eldest son and heir, died unmarried in 1850, without taking possession of the estate. He was succeeded by his second son, Donald.

20. Donald, twentieth Maclaine of Lochbuie, was in his younger days a merchant in Batavia. He married Emelie Guillamina, daughter of Charles Anthoine Vincent. He had two sons and three daughters, Murdoch-Gillean his heir, Anthoine, Emelie-Guillamina, Rosa-Elizabeth, and Christian-Sarah. He was born in 1816 and died in 1863.

21. Murdoch-Gillean is the present Maclaine of Lochbuie. He was born in 1845.

"So deoch-slainge Mhurchaidh Oig,

Is olamaid gu leir i,

So deoch-slaing' an t-sar dhuin'-uasail

Dha 'm bu dual bhi treubhach."

—*Oranaiche*, page 495.

THE TRAGEDY OF CLACH-NAN-CEANN.

(Concluded)

AFTER the early morning departure of *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe* from Dunalastair to Badenoch, as already detailed in this history, Struan who had risen to see them off, lay down again in bed; having fallen asleep and dreamed a most wonderful dream which was thrice repeated to him that morning. He thought as he lay down that old Macgregor of Roro in Glenlyon, long since dead, appeared to him, and implored him with the most piteous entreaties to exert himself on behalf of his now threatened race on the *Sliosmin*.

"Cuir fios an diugh gu Caisteal Uaimh
Mu dheibhinn *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe*,
Tha nis an toireachd air mo shliochd
'Sa sgriosadh an *Sliosmin* gun iochd,
Los gu'n tig am Màinearach
'S gun toir e ceartas do gach neach."

That is—

"Send word to-day to Castle Weem
Concerning *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe*
Who now so sore pursues my seed
And ruthless would *Sliosmin* destroy,
That Menzies may come up himself
And give to every man justice due."

On each of the three occasions that he appeared the old Macgregor chief seemed to be in tremendous earnest; and a something appeared in his gestures which threatened the sleeper in case he should refuse to comply with the request of his phantom visitant. Struan rose up out of bed, and, having dressed himself, left the bedroom with a feeling of eeriness exceeding even that which he had experienced when the ghost of Ewen Cameron disturbed his morning slumbers after the tragedy of *Clach-nan-ceann* perpetrated on the Feast of St. Michael. When he reached his business room he sat down at once and penned a letter to the Laird of Weem—in which he recounted the vision he had just had of the old Macgregor chief—his own experience of the *Tailor*, and his fears of an attack by him on the *Sliosmin*, and an advice to "*Menyers*" to come up in force to Rannoch and take measures

along with him for the peace and order of the country, until the Lochaber men should return to their own land. This letter he immediately dispatched by the hand of a trusty messenger on horseback to Castle Menzies. Thereafter he went to Lady Struan (who had been sleeping in a different bedroom), and told her about the dream and the imminent danger the Macgregors of the *Sliosmin* were in; and her ladyship, with that fondness for communicating news so peculiar to women, rushed at once to Marsali's room and related everything to her.

When Marsali came to realise the situation of affairs, she was filled with grief and consternation. Her kindred had, it is true, used her very badly; but her Christian spirit had enabled her from the heart to forgive them; but she felt horrified at the idea that for her sake they were now in danger of being rooted out of the land and perhaps utterly destroyed. As her time was now about to be fulfilled at any rate, the terrible agitation produced by the warnings contained in Struan's dream, together with the fatigues of the previous day, had the effect of bringing on the pains of travail :—

"Ghlaoth Marsaili is i na h-eiginn,
'Tha na piantan goirt ag eirigh,
'S mi fhein 's an saoghal so troimh chéile!"

That is—

"Marsali cried in her distress,
'My pangs are rising very sore,
While this world and I are in confusion."

And while the mother was in this state her poor little boy cried like to break his heart :—

"Ghuil Iain Biorach bochd ro chianail
'Nuair chunnaic e a mhathair 's na piantan,
Is rosg ä suilean dearrsadh fiadhaich."

That is—

"Poor Iain Biorach wept right sadly,
When he saw his mother in her travail,
And her eyelashes flashing wildly."

And there was also much talk and tittering amongst the servants in Dunalastair over the aspect matters had now assumed.

Struan and Lady Struan and Margaret Robertson held an anxious consultation regarding what was best to be done. It was

resolved to send for the midwife ; and a man on horseback was accordingly dispatched to Bolespic to fetch up a famous "howdie" that resided there. And when the "carlin" arrived, Marsali in a surprisingly short time was delivered of a male child, which, as might have been expected, showed some marks of that hard and cruel usage to which its mother had been subjected during the period of gestation. We read that, on account of the cruel and turbulent scenes through which the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots had personally to pass, her son, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, was from his birth so affected by them, that he never had the proper mastery of his limbs. He could not approach a stranger without visible alarm, and could not for the life of him bear the sight of a drawn sword. And in like manner Marsali's newly-born babe seemed to twitch and tremble from head to foot, and withal presented a dusky complexion all over the body. When she was shown her son, she said—

" Mathair *Iain Bhiorach* an dè,
Mathair *Iain Chàir* an diugh ;
So Camaronach an ime,
Sin Camaronach a ghruith !"

That is—

" Mother of *Iain Biorach* yesterday,
Mother of *Iain Ciar* to-day ;
Here's the Cameron of the butter,
There's the Cameron of the curds !"

And as the child seemed to be weakly it was baptized as *Iain Ciar* that very evening by the Vicar of Fortingall, who came up to spend his Christmas with Struan in Dunalastair House.

On Christmas day the Laird of Weem came to Dunalastair with a considerable force of the Menzieses of Appin-i-Dull ; and there he and his men were sumptuously entertained. Struan had collected a strong company of his Robertsons and stationed them on the "Mount" in view of the unsettled state of the country ; and the two bodies of men held Christmas together in right jolly style. But the two chiefs were closeted together for hours in deep consultation over what was to be done with the Macgregors. At length it was resolved to send to the latter an express messenger charged with letters to the three *Ceann tighes*, apprising them of their present imminent danger, and

recommending them all to flee for safety to a large cave on Crossmount estate, opposite Dunalastair House—just above the southern bank of the intervening river. And when the messenger departed all in Dunalastair were in the utmost anxiety as to whether or not those headstrong Macgregors would take the advice tendered—which for the present seemed their only possible way of escape from impending ruin.

The Macgregors were at first very reluctant to take the advice thus so considerably given them. They scouted the idea of retreating with their wives and children and followers to a cave, for a safety that ought to dwell in the good broadswords of the brave and renowned Clan Alpine. The supposed ignominy of the thing caused them for a long time to hesitate. But at length, on the morning of the second day after Christmas, news was conveyed to the "Mount" that all the Macgregors on the *Sliosmin* headed by their three leaders of Dunan and Ardlarich and Leargan were seen to pass by Kinloch Rannoch on their way to hide themselves in the Crossmount Cave. All eyes in Dunalastair scanned the windings of the *Dubhag*, eager to see the coming motley host of fugitives. At length the Macgregors were seen to wind their way in a long line through West Tempar, Tom Tempar, and Lassintullich until they were lost to view amongst the rough rocky grounds of Crossmount. Towards the evening of the same day another messenger arrived also at the "Mount" with the news that the Camerons were coming in full force in pursuit of the Macgregors—led by the scent of Macgregor of Dunan's stag hound.

"A fine situation of affairs," said Struan.

"And what shall we do?" said the Laird of Weem. "If God will, I shall!"

"We will at once cross the river with our men," said Struan, "and guard Macgregors' cave from the east until the arrival of the Cameron men; and I think I can manage to get round the *Tailor* to spare the poor Macgregor fugitives."

In a very short time the Robertsons and Menzieses mustered to arms and were put in position; and having marched down to the river and crossed it climbed up the rocks on the south side, and took up their position along the east and south side of the

now closely beleaguered Clan Gregor. And this brings on the action to the point of time already described when the three chiefs met in anxious consultation on the south side of Macgregors' cave.

"Let us smoke them out of the cave," said the Tailor, "as we should do a lot of foxes!"

"Would you smoke out Marsali's father?" said Struan, "and by doing so kill her, poor woman, to the bargain?"

"Well, I didn't remember that she was a Macgregor," said the Tailor, "and I confess I shouldn't like to do her an injury."

"Will you refer the case then to her arbitration?" said Struan. "Yes I will," said the Tailor, "that is, with one exception, that should she pardon the whole I am determined that Macgregor of Ardlarich shall not escape punishment for the murder of Ewen Cameron." A message was now sent to the cave to tell the Macgregors that their lives depended on the decision of Marsali who was now on child-bed in Dunalastair House—the only exception being Macgregor of Ardlarich whose crime the leader of the Camerons could not consent to pardon. The Macgregors with many sighs and groans acquiesced in the arbitration. Thereafter William Cameron was despatched with haste to Dunalastair House to ask Marsali's decision. She replied:—

"Ged bhris mo chairdean fhein mo chridh'
Tha mis' toirt dhoibhsan uile slth;
Oir chionn's gum bheil iad nis 'san uaigh
Cha'n eil mis sireadh tuilleadh buaidh!"

That is—

"Although my own friends broke my heart,
My peace to each of them I give;
For since they now are in the cave (*Gaelic, grave*)
I seek no further victory over them."

When William arrived and repeated this stanza the three leaders laughed at Marsali's wit; but the Tailor raising his axe and putting on a stern face said, "but I am determined nevertheless to have Macgregor of Ardlarich's life!" But on hearing these words Macgregor who had been on the alert rushed out of the cave and effected an enormous leap, which is still pointed out by the inhabitants of the place as the "Macgregor's leap"—a leap which set him free from ever experiencing the keen edge

of *Taillear-Dubh-na-Tuaighe's* axe. The Tailor, on seeing this, said that we gave up the game; and the Macgregors were thereafter allowed to defile in safety out of Macgregor's cave, when, and as best they could.

The Camerons and Menzieses and Robertsons, with their chiefs, thereafter adjourned to Mount Alexander. The men were all treated most sumptuously by Struan, and enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. The *Tailor* and Menzies of Weem formed a jolly trio that evening in Dunalastair House; and rejoiced that there was now an end of the Tragedy of *Clach-nan-ceann*.

Lady Struan led her husband and Menzies of Weem and the *Tailor* to Marsali's bedroom. They greatly admired her and her two sons—Iain *Biorach* and Iain *Ciar*—and wished her greater joy of them than of the poor departed ones. The *Tailor* now in a humorous manner recounted his midnight chase of the Badenoch Cat, and amid much laughter presented Marsali with the *Tail* of Mackintosh's kilt, which she received as the final fulfilment of her dream of destiny. She said—

"Gleidhidh mi so air son mo chlann,
Mar chuimhneachan air *Clach-nan-Ceann*,
'S mar fhuair lamh *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe*
Thar Cat mòr Bhaideanach a bhuaidh."

That is—

"I'll keep this safely for my children
As a memorial of *Clach-nan-ceann*,
And of how *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe*
Triumphed o'er the Great Badenoch Cat."

And she did preserve this unique piece of Mackintosh tartan very carefully in Camghouran until her dying day.

Next day William Cameron was married by the Vicar of Fortingall to Margaret Robertson; and by this alliance became the progenitor of the *Sliochd Uilleim* sept of Camerons in Rannoch. Thereupon *Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe* and Menzies of Weem set off with their men to their respective localities of Lochaber and Appin-i-Dull. In due time also Marsali and her two boys, and William Cameron and Margaret Robertson accompanied by Donald and Duncan Robertson proceeded to Cam-

ghouran, and became the founders of the colony still occupied by their descendants.

Marsali lived to extreme old age in *Tigh-na-dige* and *Camghouran*, revered like a queen, as she truly was, amongst her devoted people; and the Camghouran folks still delight in naming at least one daughter in each family, *Marsali*, in honour of the famous Marsali Macgregor, who did such wonderful things in *Tigh-na-dige*.

A HIGHLAND ESTATE, 1792-1800.

[By THOS. SINCLAIR, M.A.]

(*Concluded*)

IN a time of hot agrarian discussion such accurate detail on the state of things nearly a century ago, must be extremely useful; and the statistical array of figures ought only to make the subject more readable. If some able Scotchman is to do for Scotland what Professor Rogers, the well-known Radical M.P. of several Parliaments, has done for England by his great work, "History of Agriculture and Prices in England, A.D., 1259-1793," of which six volumes are now published, down to 1703, by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, such records as this estate-book will be invaluable for analysis of the agricultural condition of the Highlands. The Duke of Argyll in his graphic book, "Scotland as it Was and as it Is," has made considerable use of similar documents in his own possession as a landlord; but being committed by birth and training to the prejudices of his class, he has drawn very biased inferences from them, and his severity on Celtic disorder, over-population, and idleness, gives new point to the phrase, "Save me from my friends," himself perhaps the most representative of Celts in blood and tradition. His family papers and estate accounts have been extremely useful to him in exhibiting the Celtic phase of history connected with the kelp trade, which "was first established on the shores of the

Firth of Forth, so early as 1720, whence it passed to the Orkneys in 1723. In the Hebrides, it was introduced into the Island off Tyree only in 1746. But the price was then trifling. In 1768 the industry had become general and important—the produce of the Western Coast being estimated at about 5000 tons. The price was then about £6 10s at the glass manufactory of Newcastle. The price varied much during the rest of the eighteenth century. But every rise in price was met by increased production. For a short time during the French war the price is said to have reached the high figure of £20 per ton. Among my family estate accounts I find no record of any such price, and down to 1822 the average was probably less than half that amount." He adds in a footnote that the price obtained for Tyree and Mull kelp in 1803 was £8 8s. The multiplication of the people is credited to the kelp industry. "The parish of Tongue, in Sutherland, with a long line of shore, increased by more than 400," between 1755 and 1795. Repealing the taxes on Spanish barilla and on salt, in 1823 and 1826, destroyed the kelp trade, and all but ruined the sea-coast Highlanders. Major and Mrs. Innes must have had, in the time so fully illustrated, a considerable aid to income from kelp, since the trade was in full volume of prosperity during 1792-1800. William Murray is debtor to them for "the rent of Fresgo rocks, due Martinmas, 1798;" but there is no entry of payments, the presumption being that the sums were too important for even the limited publication of the estate-book. The accounts, however, of David Banks, 'kelpburner,' being a servant, are entered as debtor, by 3 firlots of meal, crop 1792, 10s 6d; to iron for kelp tools, shafts, and coals, 1s 6d; to 1 boll oatmeal, crop 1795, £1; to 3 tons, 3 cwt. of kelp at £1 10s per ton, summer 1796, £4 14s 6d—total, £6 6s 6d. If the burner gave kelp to the proprietor or contractor at £1 10s per ton, and if the second seller got even the Duke of Argyll's figure for 1803 of £8 8s, it is easy to see where the bulk of the kelp profits went. The "brain" of the landlords, which the Duke is never tired of celebrating, then as now, secured a very large unearned increment. William Murray also rented Arileave at £16 16s, and Knockfin at £6 5s 9d, two grass-farms. His payments to Mrs Innes were in substantial cash sums, so it

is to be presumed that the kelp trade was profitable to him, though no doubt he paid a high rent for Fresgo rocks to the keen landlord and land-lady. The average annual income of Major and Mrs. Innes can be reckoned from the estate-book. Shurery, with 15 tenants, paid of money rent as nearly as possible £100, no services being given, because of distance from the mansion-house and home-farm; Dachow, with about 12 tenants, paid about £27 and services; New Reay, with 7 tenants, £9 and services, rising sometimes to 78 days' work in the year; Reay, with one tenant, £30; Borlum, with about 23 tenants, £120, many of them adding services; Sandside, with 12 tenants, paid £14 and a great deal in personal labour, the whole rent in some cases thus met; while Fresgo had about 16 holders of the same kind, paying £17. As this makes altogether £317 sterling, it may be safely stated that the proprietor's receipts in money were always above three hundred a year. Mrs. Innes, by setting her cows, realised £50 more, and kelp may have made as much. Two or three hundred acres of the home-farm must have been then arable; and, by aid of the services of the crofters and cottars, would be worth perhaps £150 clear profit. Sheep industry was meagre at the end of last century, but Sandside could be estimated at £100. This would make the total yearly income £650 sterling.

Some biographical doings connected with the Apostle of the North, the writer of the estate-book, must close this account of a Celtic rural community at the end of last century. Shortly before his unexpected death in 1883, Duncan George Forbes Macdonald, LL.D., who, in his first book, "What the Farmers may do with the Land," published in 1852, described himself as civil engineer, land and drainage surveyor, 3 Parliament Street, London, and Dingwall, Ross-shire, N.B., had announced his intention from Brighton and Eccleston Square, London, of writing a biography of his father, the Apostle of the North, of a more enlarged and thorough character than that written by Dr. Kennedy of Dingwall. These records and other matter were offered to him, and his sudden death alone prevented a considerable mass of useful and new materials from being put into his hands. How his eloquent father managed estate economics

in youth, would have appealed strongly to him who wrote so much on estate work, one of his books, which passed through several editions, being "Hints on Farming and Estate Management." His capacity in this respect seems to have been hereditary. He was informed that because of a gap in the Reay parish records, now preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh, his father's baptismal date, which then served for birth date, is not to be authenticated; the son's own statement being, "I have no record of baptism." He proposed as to the notes offered, "If you have no objection, I will give your name as the writer of them," referring to the biography at which he had set to work, and which his fate stopped. He had an official surveying appointment in North America, which produced, in 1862, his liveliest book, "British Columbia and Vancouver's Island." In 1871 he published a brochure in sympathy with Napoleon III., full of Celtic fire and generosity; and a series of letters to the *Echo* newspaper, London, in 1878, on the condition of the Highland crofters, was an admirable and sympathetic contribution to this section of the land question. He had a testimonial of surveying instruments to the value of £240 from his friends, at an earlier period of his life. His most elaborate book, "Cattle, Sheep, and Deer" was published in 1872; and its titles and appendixes give much personal information of this clever son of Lady Sandside's youthful factor, afterwards the celebrated preacher who gained the title of Apostle of the North, Rev. John Macdonald, D.D., Ferintosh, native of Reay parish. The Apostle's second wife was Georgina, daughter of Simon Ross, the laird of Gledfield; and the Rev. John Macdonald, Calcutta, was one of their sons. The first marriage was in 1806. But on these points Dr. Kennedy's biography is authoritative, and those interested further can easily be satisfied. For present purpose the biographical subject is exhausted; and it may conclude this simple but remarkable picture of Celtic life, before it was disturbed by the unnatural interference with a native population on false economical principles called the Highland Clearances.

AN IOBHAL GHEAL 'S AN IOBHAL FHIONN 'S AN
IOBHAL DHONN 'S AN IOBHAL CHARRACH
BU MHATHAIR DHOIBH.

[FROM MRS. WALLACE, TIREE.]

B'E clann Rìgh no duine cothromach bh' annta, 's bi mathair na Iobhal. Fhionn 's an Iobhal Dhonn an Iobhal Charrach.

Uair sin thainig Mac Rìgh do'n aite 's bha gach duine 's h-aon dol an t-shearmoin air son fhaicinn. Leis sin chaidh an Iobhal Fhionn, an Iobhal Dhonn 's an Iobhal Charrach am mathair ann. Dh'iarr an Iobhal Gheal dol ann i fhein ach fo'n nach robh innte ach piuthar gun seadh na measg 's fo'n 's e leth-piuthar do'n Iobhal Fhionn 's do'n Iobhal Dhonn bh' innte 's gur i b' fhearr 's bu bhoidhiche bha a peathraichean 's a muime daonnan feuchain ri cumail as an t-sealladh, 's toirt oirre frithealadh a b' isleadh dheanamh gus an robh meoir gu crùpadh, 's dar dh' iarr i dol do'n t-shearmoin dh' fhaicinn a' phrionns', thuirte an Iobhal Dhonn a leth-piuthar rithe nach racha gu gu dearbh fhein, nach deanadh i ach naire thoirt asta-san a leithid dhol comhladh riu.

Mar dh'fhalbh iad an t-shearmoin thainig an "Eachrais Urlair" a stigh far an robh ise, 's thuirte i rithe, "Cha deachaidh thusa do'n t-shearmoin." "Cha deachaidh," ors' ise, "cha leigeadh iad comhladh riu mi." "Theid thusa do'n t-shearmoin," ors' an Eachrais Urlair, 's chi thu Mac an Rìgh, co math riu fhein," 's bhuail i 'n slacan druidheachd orra 's rinn i boirionnach co briagha dhith 's nach fhaca suil, 's nach cualadh cluas, riamh, iomradh air te co briagha rithe. Bha falt orra ruigheachd gu sàil, deise air dhreach na gréine, bròg òir air an darna cois, 's bròg airgid air a chois eile dearsadh, 's tri druideachan seinn air gach gualainn aice.

"Nis," ors' an Eachrais Urlair, "Ma bhitheas am pathadh ort foghnaidh dhuit do lamh chur ri d' bheul, 's silidh fion agus mil as do mheoir." Mar theid thu stigh suidhe tu dluth do 'n dorus 's chan fhan thu gus am bidh iad ullamh. Bheir mise dhuit steud, 's srian, 's dar a chuireas tu na bheul i bithidh tu air ais so mu'n gluais iadsan," 's bhuail i an slacan druidheachd air creig bh' aig

THE SNOW-WHITE MAIDEN, AND THE FAIR MAID,
AND THE SWARTHY MAID, AND FRIZZLE, OR
BALD PATE THEIR MOTHER.

[TRANSLATED BY MRS. WALLACE.]

THESE were the daughters of a king or rich man, and Frizzle or Bald Pate was the mother of the Fair Maid and of the Swarthy Maiden.

Some time then a king's son came to the place and every person went to church to see him. With that the Fair Maid, the Swarthy Maid, and Bald Pate, their mother, went. The Snow-White Maid sought to go also, but as she was of little account amongst them, and was only half-sister to the Fair and to the Swarthy Maidens, and was fair and good, her sisters and their mother endeavoured as much as possible to keep her in the background. She was kept by them at every hard and menial work until her fingers were cramping, and when she made the request that she would be allowed to go also to see the Prince, her sister, the Swarthy Maid, said to her, She would not indeed; that it would only disgrace them to have such a creature as she was along with them.

When they left to go "Cantrips," or Trouble the House (*Eachnais Urlair*) came in where she was and said to her,

"You have not gone with them?"

"No," replied she, "they would not allow me to accompany them."

"You will go," said "Cantrips," "and you will see the king's son as well as themselves," and she laid the enchantment wand over her, and made her a woman so beautiful and graceful as no eye ever saw or ear heard report of one so perfect. Her wealth of hair reached from the crown of her head to her heels, a dress that dazzled like sunlight, a golden shoe shone on one foot and a silver one on the other, and three starlings twittered on each shoulder.

"Now," said Cantrips, "if you are thirsty it will suffice for you to put your hand to your mouth and wine and honey will flow from your fingers, when you enter the church you will take a

an dorus 's rinn i steud mhòr dhubh dhith mharcaiche an cuan glas mar am machaire min sgiamhach.

Nar rainig ise 'n eaglais shuidh i mar chaidh iarraidh oirre aig an dorus. Cha robh suil bha stigh nach ann ga feitheamh bha iad, 's cha b' ann sealltuinn air Mac an Rìgh, 's bha Mac an Rìgh torit fanear dhi mar an ceudna. Cha d' aom e suil 's cha d' thog e aire dhi fo'n thainig i stigh gus an d' eirich i mach. Aig an àm dh'eirich ise mach, chur i an t-srian am beul an steud 's gun fhuireach, gun mhoille, bha i stigh.

Thainig an Eachrais Urlair far an robh i 's dh' fheoraich i ciamar a chaidh dhi, 's dh' innis i 's nach d' aithnich a muime 's a peathraichean i. "*Well,*" ors' an Eachrais Urlair "Eiridh dhuit-sa na 's fhearr na dhoibh-san, ged nach eil fios aca air;" 's bhuail i an slacan druidheachd orra 's bha i mar a bha i roimhe. Nar thainig a peathraichean 's a mathair dhachaidh, thuirt ise riu. An robh naigheachd a nis aca no an faça iad Mac an Rìgh.

"Chunnaic," ors' mathair, "ach b' iongantach chunnaic sinn na sin, boirionnach co briagha thainig a stigh, nach fhaca suil, 's nach cuala cluas riamh iomradh air te co briagha rithe, 's bha Mac an Rìgh ga coimhead mar bha cach."

"Nach leig sibh mise an ath Dhòmhnaich ann," ors ise, "feuch am faic mi Mac an Rìgh." "Cha leig," ors an Iobhal Dhonn, "do leithid do chreutair grannda. Cha deanadh tu ach air nàire thoirt asainne."

Nar thainig an ath-latha dh' fhalbh iadsan mar rinn iad roimhe 's bha ise stigh. Thainig an Eachrais Urlair far an robh i 's thuirt i rithe.

"Bheil thu toileach dol far an deachaidh iadsan an diugh."

"Tha," ors' ise, "ach ciamar 's urrainn mise dol ann 's mi co bochd, salach, gun deise, gun uidheam, gun chaiseart." Bhuail an Eachrais Urlair an slacan druidheachd orra 's chuir i bròg oir air an darna cois 's bròg airgid air a chois eile. Bha falt sìos gu sàil, deis bhuidhe a dearsadh orra, 's tri coilich druideachan seinn air gach gualainn. Thug i buille eile do'n chreig bha taobh an dorus 's bha steud mòr dubh a mharcaiche an cuan glas mar am machaire min, sgiamhach, aig an dorus 's an t-srian oir na bheul. "Nis," ors' an Eachrais Urlair, "mar theid thu stigh do'n eaglais (?) 's 'm bith Mac an Rìgh, rach na's fhaide stigh na

seat near the door and you will not wait for the close. I will give you a steed, and a bridle, and when you put the bridle on, the steed will bring you here before the others can move." With that she (Cantrips) struck the enchantment wand on a rock near the threshold and it became a noble black steed to her that would ride the waters of the deep blue sea as if they were the smooth fertile land.

When she reached the church, as she had been told to do, she sat near the door. She became the observed of all observers. There was no eye but turned to gaze on her instead of the king's son. He also observed her. He did not turn his look nor withdraw his attention from her from first to last. At the set time she rose and went out. She placed the bridle in the mouth of the steed and without stoppage or delay reached home.

Cantrips then came where she was and enquired of her what had happened. She told her, and that neither her stepmother nor her sisters had recognised her.

"Well," said Cantrips, "better fortune will happen to you than to them, though they are not aware of it," and she laid the enchantment wand upon her and made her as she was before.

When her sisters and their mother returned, she asked what news they brought with them or if they saw the king's son. The mother replied that they had seen him, and what was more strange, we saw entering a woman so graceful that no eye ever saw, and no ear ever heard report of one so beautiful, and the king's son as well as the others took notice of her.

"May I not also go next day?" she asked, "so that I may see the king's son." "You may not," said the Swarthy Sister, "a plain looking creature like you would only disgrace us." Next day they set out as before, while she was left at home. Cantrips came where she was and said to her, "Are you willing to go where the others went to-day?"

"I am," she answered, "but how can I go when I am so miserable, unkempt, unclad, untrimmed, and unshod." Cantrips laid the enchantment wand over her, and put a golden shoe on one foot, and a silver one on the other. Her wealth of hair reached from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. A dress of golden sheen shone over her, and three starlings

taobh an dorus 's dar bhitheas an ùine gu bhith seachad éirich 's falbh cabhagach 's ged a chailleas tu pairt ga t-eudach na seall air a dheigh. Marcaich gu reidh dhachaidh."

Air an latha so shuidh Mac an Rìgh dluth do'n dorus e fhein, 's dar a dh' éirich ise mach dh' éirich esan mach air a deighinn. Bith astar a thug iad, dhluthaich esan aig marcachd suas rithe. Thug e tamhadh 's thug e bhròg oir far a coise deise, ach cha do sheall ise na deigh. An deigh sin bha eagal oirre dol dachaidh gun do chail i bhròg. Dar a rainig i an tigh, thuirt an Eachrais Urlair rithe.

"Tha thu air tighinn dhachaidh?"

"Tha mi," ors' ise, "ach chaill mi bhròg"

"Chan ann gu cron ach gu d' mhaith tha sin fhathasd," ors an Eachrais Urlair. 'S thug Mac an Rìgh boid nach posadh e te gu brath ach te ga freagarradh a' bhròg i bhith do raogha' gnè, 's gu falbhadh e 's nach bu stad cinn no coise dha gus am faigheadh e i.

Bhual an Eachrais Urlair an slacan druidheachd oirre 's bha i mar a bha i roimhe. Sin thainig a peathraichean 's mathair dhachaidh. Dh' fharraid ise dhiubh de an naigheachd thug iad leo, na 'm faca iad Mac an Rìgh. Thuirt a mathair, gu faca, ach ged bhith suil eile na cheann gur ann a coimhead na te bhriagha bh' ann an latha roimhe bhitheadh e, 's mar dh' éirich i sin mach gun d' fhalbh esan as a deighinn.

Chaidh so sgeul mach gun robh Mac an Rìgh siubhal gach aite feuch an faigheadh e an te ga'm freagarradh a' bhròg. Latha do na laithean chunnacas a' tighinn thun an tighe acasan e 's chuir a muime 's a peathraichean ise am falach fo bhial ballain. Thainig e stigh 's dh' fheuch e bhròg air an Iobhal Dhonn 's cha do fhreagair i dhith, dh' fheuch e sin air an Iobhal Fhionn i, 's bha bhrog a freagairt na b' fhearr dhith ach cha robh i uile ceart.

"S fhearr dhuit mise ghabhail," ors ise, "bho nach d' amais te eile ort 's fhearr tha i freagairt dhith na mise."

"A bhoid a thug mi," ors esan, cumaidh mi i ach gus am faigh mi te gan freagair i ceart," 's e dol a mach.

Thug an te bha fo bheul a bhallain glaoth aise 's dh' fharraid esan co bha sid? Thuirt an Iobhal Charrach nach robh sid ach creatair dona nach ruigeadh esan leas bhith sealltainn

twittered on each shoulder. She then struck the rock near the door, and a black steed of noble mien, to whom the wide blue sea was as easy to traverse as the smoothest turf, was at the door with the golden bridle in its mouth. "And now," said she, "as you enter the place where the king's son will be go farther forward than you did before from the door, and when the time is almost expired leave in haste, and though you lose any part of your dress do not return for it, but ride straight home."

On this occasion the king's son sat near the door, and when she rose to leave he rose to follow. They set off at full speed, and in the race he overtook her. He made a grasp and took the golden shoe off her right foot.

When she returned home, Cantrips said to her "you have come home."

"I have," she replied, "but I lost a shoe."

"That is not any omen of ill-luck to you, but of good fortune," said Cantrips.

The king's son made a vow that he would never marry any one, but one that the shoe fitted whatever her rank, and that he would go in search of her, and would neither give his head nor his foot rest until he found her.

Cantrips touched her with the enchantment wand and she was made as before. Her sisters and their mother then returned home, and she asked them what news they brought with them or if they had seen the king's son.

The mother replied that they had, and though there was another eye in his head it would be to look at the beauty of the strange woman whom they had seen there before, and that when she rose to leave he also rose and went after her.

Then the report was spread abroad that the king's son was searching everywhere to find one that the shoe would fit. One day he was seen coming their way. Her step-mother and her sisters then put her out of sight under a washing tub. He entered and tried the shoe first on the Swarthy Sister, but it did not fit her, he then tried it on the Fair Sister, whom it fitted better, though not quite exactly.

"You may as well take me she said, since you have not met any one, whom the shoe fits better."

oirre. Cha rachadh esan as an aite 'san robh e gus am faicheadh e i, 's leig iad a mach i. Chaidh a bhròg fhiachainn oirre, 's bha i mur gun fasadh i mu cois.

"Tha coltach gur tusa mo bheansa," ors' Mac an Rìgh, "a bhoid thug mise gleidhidh mi i."

"Fanabh gus an dean mi deas," ors' ise, 's ghabh i mach uatha.

Bhuail an Eachrais Urlair an slacan druidheachd oirre 's bha falt sìos gu sail, bròg oir air an darna cois 's bròg airgid air a chois eile deise gheal a dearsadh oirre s tri druideachan seinn air gach gualainn aice. Thug an Eachrais Urlair an ath bhuille leis an t-slacan druidheachd air a charra-cheige bha taobh an doruis 's rinn i steud mòr dubh dhith a mharcaiche an fhairge ghlas mar am machaire min sgiamhach. Dar thainig ise stigh an lathair a Phrionns leum a chridhe le aoibhneas.

"Bheir thu leat mise na'm mhaighdean choimhead," ors' an Iobhal Fhionn rith piuthair; 's thug esan leis iad 's dh' fhalbh iad.

Oidhche do 'n oidhchean an deighinn sin thainig esan dhachaidh sgith 's thuirt e gun robh am pathadh air.

"Cuir thusa mo mheoirean ri d' bheul 's caisgidh iad do phadhadh." Rinn e so 's fhuair e fion 's mil a' silidh 's cha ghabhadh a thoileachadh innseadh.

Latha an deighinn sin thuirt an Iobhal Fhionn rithe "'S fhearr dhuinn dol thun an loch gar nigheadh fhein."

"Tha mi toileach," ors' ise.

Dar a rainig iad bha iad rith cheile a' nigheadh. Rinn ise mar a dh' iarradh oirre. "Seall ar faileas an so; nach sinn tha coltach ri cheile," 's nur chrom ise chuir a piuthar a da laimh rithe 's thilg i mach i's rug a Bheist Ana-ceillidh oirre. Ghabh an Iobhal Fhionn sin suas gu bhith an aite a peathar.

'Nuair thainig Mac an Rìgh dhachaidh cha robh na h-eoin a seinn, 's dh' fharraid e : De bu chiul dha sin, nach robh na h-eoin a seinn. "S bharrachd air sin cha neil an steud dubh 'g itheadh a cuid; 's ann tha frasan fala fo na suilean aice." Thainig an pathadh air 's thuirt esan, "Thoir dhomh do mheoir 's gun faighinn deoch." "Gu de tha mo mheoir-sa dol a dheanamh dhuit? Cha 'n eil deoch an mheoir-sa."

"Nach abhaist dhomh bhi faighinn mil 's fion as do mheoir?" Co dhiu cha d' uair e iad 's chuir so mor ioghnadh air 's cha robh

"The vow, I made, said he, I will abide by, until I find some one whom it will fit perfectly, and he went away. The one, who was hidden under the tub gave a loud cry. He asked who gave that cry? Baljpate answered that it came from a witless person not worth his notice, but he said he would not leave the place until he would see her. They then allowed her to appear. The shoe was tried on her and fitted as though it had been measured to her foot.

"It seems you are to be my wife said the king's son for the vow that I made I will keep."

"Have patience until I prepare myself, she said, and she went out of sight. Cantrips then touched her with the enchantment wand, and her wealth of hair reached from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot. A golden shoe was on one foot and a silver one on the other. She was in a dazzling white dress, and three starlings twittered on each shoulder. Then Cantrips struck a boulder of rock near the door and it became, to her, a powerful black steed that would ride the blue sea as easily as the smooth grassy sward.

When she re-appeared in the presence of the prince his joy was unbounded.

"You will let me accompany you as Maid of Honour said the Fair Maid to her sister."—The prince took them both with him.

One evening he returned home fatigued, and he complained of thirst. "Put my fingers to your lips, she said, and your thirst will be quenched. He did this, and, to his inexpressible joy, found wine and honey flowing from them.

Some time after the Fair Maid said to her. "We must go to the loch to bathe."

"I am agreeable," she replied. When they came to the loch they were to assist each other to bathe. She did as was asked of her. "Look at our appearance in the water how much we resemble each other," and when she bent forward to look, her sister pushed her with both hands into the loch where the "Great Beast Senselessness" caught her. Then the Fair Maid went her way to take her sister's place. When the king's son returned the birds were not singing and he asked why the birds were not singing as usual, and more than that; the black steed is not eating; it is shedding

e cur omhail nach i an te cheart bh' ann. Bha e so fo sprochd gun robh e aithnichte do gach h-aon bha tiomchioll air.

Bha bothag aig balachan buachaile taobh an loch 's bha teine aige 'sa bhothag.

Latha do na laithean sin thuirt ise.—

"A Bheisd mhor Anaceillidh, an leig thu suas mi ga m' gharadh?"

"Cha leig, mur geall thu gu'n tig thu rithist air neo mur tig chan fhag mi duine na beo- chreutair os cionn gruinnnd."

Fhuair ise suas thun na bothaig far an robh am buachaille 's thuirt i ris:

"Bheil fios agadsa an do shil na meoir na 'n do sheinn na h-eoin, na bheil an steud dubh dubhach 'g itheadh a cuid, no 'n subhach Mac Righ Erinn?" 'S fhreagair esan an aghaidh sin—

"Cha do shil na meoir, 's cha do sheinn na h-eoin, tha 'n t-steud dubh dubhach, 's cha subhach Mac Righ Erinn."

Thill ise so far an robh i roimhe.

Goirid an deigh sin mar chaidh am buachaill an cainnt Mac an Righ dh' innis e mu'n bhoirionnach thainig far an robh e.

Thuirt e ris, "Cur thusa teine anns a' bhothag am maireach math dh' fheadadh gun tig i rithist."

Latha an deigh so thuirt ise, "A Bheisd mhor Ana-ceillidh, an leig thu suas mi ga 'm gharadh?"

"Ma gheallas tu gun till thu so rithist, air neo mur till chan fhag mi duine na beo-chreutair os cionn gruinnnd."

Thainig ise thun a' bhothag's thuirt i na ceart bhriathran thuirt i roimhe, "An do sheinn na h-eoin na'n do shil na meoir, bheil an steud dubh dubhach, no'n subhach Mac Righ Erinn?" 'S fhreagair am balach inar a rinn e roimhe "Cha do sheinn na h-eoin, 's cha do shil na meoir 's tha'n steud dubh dubhach, 's cha subhach Mac Righ Erinn."

An uair so dar bha am buachaille ag innseadh do'n Righ thuirt e, "Tha i coltach ris a Bhanrighinn ach nach eil i na h-eudach."

"Cur thusa teine maireach fhathast 'sa bhothaig," thuirt Mac an Righ.

Dh'iarr ise cead aon uair eile air a' Bheist mhor Anaceillidh.

"Mu gheallas tu gun tig thu rithist, neo mur tig cha bhith duine no beo-chreutair os cionn gruinnnd."

showers of blood from its eyes. Then he became thirsty and said "Give me your hand that I may drink from your fingers."

"What can my hand do for you? There is no drink in my fingers."

"Did I not get wine and honey from them formerly." At all events he did not get any this time and this caused him much astonishment, but he did not observe that it was not the right one he had. He was now in such a melancholy state that it was noticeable to every one around him. A herd-boy had a small bothy with a fire in it beside the loch. One day then she said, "Huge Senseless Beast, will you let me go up to warm myself?"

"Not unless you promise to return, or if you do not return, I will not leave man or living creature above ground." She was then allowed to go up to the bothy, where the herd was, and she said to him, "Do you know whether wine and honey are flowing from the fingers, or the birds are singing, or the black steed is dull, or the King of Erinn's Son is glad?"

"There is no flow from the fingers, the birds are not singing, the black steed is sad, and the King of Erinn's Son is not glad." She now returned where she was before. Shortly afterwards, when the herd-boy came to converse with the king's son, he told him about the woman who came where he was. He said to him "You must kindle a fire in the bothy to-morrow and perchance she may return." On another day then she said, "Huge Senseless Beast, will you let me go to warm myself?"

"If you promise to return here again, or if you do not return, I will not leave any person or living creature in the world." She then came to the bothy and said as before, "Have the birds sang, or are wine and honey flowing from the fingers, or is the black steed dull, or the Son of the King of Erinn glad." The herd-boy answered as before. "The birds have not sung, no wine or honey have flowed from the fingers, the black steed is dull, and the Son of the King of Erinn is not glad." On this occasion, when the herd-boy was relating to the King, he added, "She resembles the Queen, but not in her dress."

"Kindle a fire in the bothy again to-morrow," said the King's Son. She asked now permission once more from the Huge Senseless Beast.

Rinn Mac an Rìgh so doigh gun rachadh e ga feitheamh 's nar fhuair e sa bhothaig i rinn e dubh ghreim oirre.

"Leig as mi," ors' ise, "Neo cha bhith duine na beo-chreutair air uachdar gruinnnd."

"*Well*," ors' esan bithidh sin sa dha raoghainn da."

Cha robh saighdear na duine bha na fhearann nach do chruinnich mun cuairt doibh. Thainig sin a' Bheist mhor Anaceillidh air tìr 's rinn na saighdearain 's an sluagh bh'ann oirre agus mharbh iad an uilbheist.

Nar thugadh dhachaidh ise, sheinn na h-eoin 's shìl na meoir, an steud mòr cha robh dubhach, 's bha Mac Rìgh Erin subhach.

TO WILLIAM BLACK.

'Tis thine to wield a chaste and charmed pen
 That thrills and gladdens hearts in every clime,
 With story modern or of olden time,
 Congenial comrade, faithfullest of men !
 Thy leaves are redolent of heather breeze ;
 With deft skill thou pourtray'st each beauteous scene,
 Glen, strath, and loch, and setting sun serene,
 In inland shire or lonely Hebrides.
 The people thou creat'st bear Nature's mould.
 Endowed with dignity and grace are they;
 Life's march they cheer with some sweet Scottish lay,
 Or psalm, or ballad of the years of old.
 Write ever on, loved friend, for at thy gate
 Admiring millions do thy lines await !

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

New York, October 17, 1887.

"If you promise that you will again return here, or if you do not return, there will not be a man or living creature left above ground."

The King's Son then prepared to way-lay her, and when he caught her in the bothy he took a firm hold of her. "Let me go free," she said, "or there will neither be man nor living creature left above ground."

"Well," said he, "be that as it may."

There was not a man or soldier in all his land that did not gather round them. The Huge Senseless Beast came ashore, and the soldiers and all the people attacked and killed the monster.

When she was brought home, the birds sang, wine and honey flowed from the fingers, the black steed was no longer dull and sad, and the King of Erinn's Son was evermore glad.

THE GILLIECHATTAN LANDS IN LOCHABER, 1633-1663.

THE authorities of Fort-William have been recently agitating to straighten the boundaries in their neighbourhood, of the Counties of Inverness and Argyle. In doing so they would have strengthened their case by asserting that what was required was merely to revert to the ancient and natural boundaries. These ancient and clear boundaries began at Loch-na-Claidh, where the Counties of Perth, Argyle, and Inverness meet, thence in an almost straight westerly direction by lake and stream until Loch Leven is reached, thence by Loch Linnhe, the Sound of Mull, and Loch Sunart, to the Atlantic—not a break in the water boundary.

The present unnatural and absurd boundaries betwixt the two counties, is alone due to the grasping ambition of the family of Argyle. While Earl Archibald the 7th was attempting to

expiate for his own sins and those of his ancestors, by fighting the battles of Catholic Spain against the Protestant Hollanders, living under, and professing the strictest tenets of the Catholic faith, his son, the first and notorious Marquis, under the title of Lord Lorne, was busier than any of his predecessors had ever been, in extending the family influence, *per fas et nefas*—mostly the latter.

Under the ridiculous pretence that a large part of south-west Inverness-shire was more distant from Inverness than from Inveraray (conceive the impertinence of comparing the two places), Lord Lorne, who was all powerful in the Scottish Parliament, had the effrontery to get an Act passed, on 28th June, 1633, which disjoined from Inverness-shire and added to Argyleshire the lands following, viz. :—Ardnamurchan, Sunart, Lochiel, Ardgour, Kingairloch, Morven, and the Isles of Canna and Rum, including, it is presumed, Muck ; because “they were more contiguous to the Sheriffdom of Argyll and Tarbert and nearer the Burgh of Inveraray, than the Burgh of Inverness, which was the Head Burgh of the Sheriffdom of Inverness, within which Sheriffdom the lands and Isles above mentioned lay.”

This paper deals with that portion of the subjects above referred to called “the Lands of Lochiel,” properly so called, and the adjacent lands of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig, the ancient inheritance of the race of Gilliechattan More.

These lands of Lochiel, sometimes termed a Barony, from whence the Cameron Chiefs took their designation, lay, prior to 1633, within the County of Inverness, being bounded by Clanranald on the west, by the waters of Lochy and Lochiel on the south, and by Mackintosh on the east and north. At this period, and for some years prior, Mackintosh's lands of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig were under wadset to Lochiel, in consequence of the mal-administration of the Laird of Grant, Mackintosh's guardian, and the Camerons were in full natural possession. After the passing of the Act of 1633, Argyll and Lochiel, acting in concert, instead of keeping the true marches betwixt Lochiel proper, as these existed of old betwixt the Barony of Lochiel and its northernmost possession of Bannavie, with the lands of

Glenlui and Loch Arkaig ; drew the absurd, imaginary, and senseless line now existing, thereby cutting off from Glenlui upwards of two miles of frontage to the river Lochy, including the whole of Muirshirlich, with its extensive shealings in the Druim of Glenlui, as also Torcastle, places expressly mentioned by name for centuries, in the Mackintosh charters. The true line of march began at the river Lochy, a little to the south or west of Torcastle, ascended the hill, crossed over the centre of Meall Bannavie, and thence by Druimfad, to Meall-Corrybuie, and the hills whose western waters flow into Lochs Morar and Nevis. Thus, as was natural, the lands of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig comprehended the sources, progress, and outfall of every run, burn, and river flowing through them.

Shortly after 1635, Lochiel's wadset was redeemed, and Mackintosh instantly protested, and endeavoured over and over again, as appears from documents extant, to have the old marches restored and the Argyle usurpation of superiority rescinded, but to no purpose. The family of Argyll was far too powerful with the Scottish Parliament, with Cromwell and Monk, to permit of the injustice being removed.

The affair was the more galling to the Mackintoshes, as it took away the lands of Torcastle, with the castle, the reputed residence of the semi mythic, semi historic Thane of Lochaber, and certainly that of the race of Giliechattan More and his successors down to his descendant Eva, through whom, on her marriage in 1291, the lands came to the Mackintoshes. Eva is said to have died there, and with many Mackintoshes buried in St. Columba's Isle of Loch Arkaig. Further, the Mackintosh chiefs had assumed the title "of Torcastle" as their chief designation, and were so partial to it that in the ultimate sale it was stipulated and conditioned that Mackintosh should for his lifetime have right to continue the designation "of Torcastle." It would appear that there was a strong desire on the part of Argyll and Lochiel to dis sever the Mackintoshes from Torcastle for all time. If so the attempt has failed. Although Dugall Mor-Thor-a-Chaisteal is long gathered to his fathers, and with him has gone many traditions of the Clan Chattan and Torcastle, these traditions are not all lost. The old

titles exist in evidence ; whilst "Dail-a-chait," "Poull-a-chait," and "Buinne-a-chait" are as undying witnesses to the connection betwixt Torcastle and the Mackintoshes, as are Clach-Mor-Mhic-an-Toisich, and Rudha Mhic-an-Toisich, to the gallant part taken by Clan Chattan during the fight at Kinlocheil in the time of Montrose.

A list of the tenants, values, and possessions in Glenlui and Loch Arkaig are now given as these existed in 1642. They are taken from an execution of warning to remove at Mackintosh's instance, under the hands of David Cuming, Notary Public in Ruthven of Badenoch, dated 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9th April of that year. This errand of the messengers was hardly a safe one. He states that he "affixed a copy of the Precept on the most patent doors of their dwelling houses," and apparently was not molested, his only attendants being John Macpherson in Inveroy more, and Alister Cuming, his Brother German.

THE POSSESSORS OF GLENLUI AND LOCH ARKAIG, 1642.

1. Duncan Oig M'Martin for the two penny land of Kylinross;
2. Allan Mac-Ian-a Voddich for the five penny land of Erracht ;
3. Donald Cameron, tutor of Lochiel, for the two penny land of Moy, and for the two penny land of Muserolich ;
4. Allan Cameron of Lochiel, for the two penny land of Torchastell ;
5. John-vic-Coil-vic-Ian-vic-Conchie, for the two penny land of Inveruiskavullin, and for the penny land of Glenmaillie ;
6. John vic Coil vic Allister, for the two penny land of Barr ;
7. Allister vic Coil Oig, for the two penny land of Strone, the penny land of Auchnaherry, and the penny land of Incurichin ;
8. Donald vic Allan vic Ian Dhu, for the two penny lands of Clunes, for the two penny lands of Glastermore, and for the penny land of Torchronan ;
9. Duncan Roy vic Ian vic Allister for the two penny lands of Invercheakich, and for the penny land of Keandmore ;
10. Duncan vic Conchie vic Ewen, for the two penny lands of Achnasaul, and for the penny land of Salchan ;

11. Allister vic Ian vic Conchie Ban, for the penny land of Creiw and Salchan ;

12. Ewen vic Conchie vic Ewen for the penny land of Muik and Ark ;

13. Mulmore vic Ian vic Wm. for the penny land of Kaillach ;

14. John vic Ewen vic Wm. for the two penny lands of Murligan, and for the penny land of Ark ;

15. Angus vic Ian vic Wm. vic Conchie Van for the three penny lands of Glenpean ;

16. Duncan vic Ewen vic Conchie for the two penny land of Glendessary ;

17. Lachlan vic-Coil-vic-Gillie-Vor for the penny land of Keandpoill ;

18. Dougald vic Allister vic Coil for the three penny land of Glenmallie, penny land of Mailliart, and for the penny land of Ardnose, and for the penny land of Auchnacarry ;

19. Ewen vic-Coil-vic-Ian in Laganphairne and Kinnach.

It will be seen that there were nineteen principal tenants holding thirty-three townships, with values given in all cases but two, amounting to 51 pennies of land. Lagganfearn and Kinnach are not valued, but in another paper they are valued at one penny, bringing the whole up to 52 pennies. As the lands however were of the value of 40 merks of old extent, divided into 60 pennies, it follows that the whole are not included in the messenger's execution. In a deed without date, but probably about 1663, the following ten towns are enumerated, in addition to the foregoing, which would make a total of 43 townships, and bring up the values to 60 pennies. These are Inverlittin, Invermaillie, Glasbregach, Keandloch, Glenkingie, Guisach, Dewrag, Loch Maillie, Achnanellan, and Achnaroy.

The rental may be contrasted with that of 1717 (*Celtic Magazine*, Vol. XI. pages 523-7) and the one of 1788, pages 458-60 of Mackenzie's *History of the Camerons*.

It will be observed that there are very few surnames, but it is not to be concluded they were all Camerons. On the contrary, Macphees, Macmillans, Macgillories, etc., were common.

The patronymic of "Boddach" long stuck to the Camerons of Erracht. The first Boddach of Erracht was Ewen, one of the

tutors and uncle of Lochiel, murdered when an old man at Inverloch. In 1598 "John Badach Mac Mhic Ewen of Errach, and his brother Ewen" are found; in 1642 Allan Mac Ian a Voddich is tenant of the place; and in 1663 Ewen vic Ian a Voddich is found. Erracht was a five penny land, and the largest holding on the estate. The curious story of Ewen afterwards Sir Ewen Cameron of Fassifern, deforcing in 1791 Mr. Alexander Macdonell of Milnfield, Inverness, where he went as Notary Public on behalf of Sir Allan Cameron to take infestment in Erracht, referred to in the before-mentioned *History of the Camerons*, pages 441-42, may be given some day. Modern deforcers might learn a lesson.

During the usurpation, the Mackintoshes found themselves unable to cope with Lochiel, who had Monk at his back, but after the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, determined efforts were made to recover the lands.

A secret agent was despatched to Lochaber, with the following instructions written on the back of a sheet of paper with the names of the townships.

First. You shall try how many penny lands every particular town above mentioned, with their several pendicles, consist of.

Secondly. Try the name of the principal tenant of every town under Mac-Conill-duy.

3. How much duty every town payeth in all yearly.

4. How much of the duty thereof is silver, and how much butter and cheese, and how much other acknowledgments and casualties.

5. You are to try how much duty Mac-Conill-duy gets out of every town yearly, and how much the principal possessor has free, by and attour Mac-Conill-duy's part.

6. Remark what sort of duty Mac-Conill-duy gets out of it, and tak a note of every particular thing by itself;

7. Tak a note of the pendicles of every Town and for what they pay duty. (The pen has been drawn through No 7.—C.F.M.)

8. Try if the names of the principal possessors of each Town be rightly insert in this paper, and if not mend the fault.

Item, Try if Donald the Tutor possess Muserolich as yet, and after what manner he holds it of his nephew;

Item, Try after what manner did Ewen-vic-Ian-a-Voddich possess the Eiracht, and how long since he quit it, and who is now principal tenant thereof, and to whom it pays duty, and what duty it pays yearly, and whether or not it pays victual rent, and how much of it ;

Item, Try in what year Evan Cameron of Lochzeild entered with the Estate, and put the Tutor from his Tutorie ;

Item, Try who are the greatest destroyers of the Woods, and take a note of their names, and of the skaith they did these three years bypast ;

Item, Try which of the rest of the Lochaber men, who are the Marquis of Huntly's, are guilty of the Woods of Glenluy and Loch Arkaig, and take a note of their names ;

Item, Try who possesses Glastermore, and whether it pays duty to Mac-Conill-duy, or to the Gudeman of Clunes, and try how much it pays yearly, and of what sort ;

Item, Try who possesses Achnaroy, Glenkingie, Durak, Glasbregach, Keandloch, Loch Mailzie, Glenmailzie, and of what Towns they are pendicles, and how much land every one of them is.

There is no date to this paper, but it is placed in 1663, although perhaps a little earlier. Most of the tenants are the same as in the paper of 1642, and they need not be repeated ; but one or two entries are interesting—"Glenpean is possessed by — vic-Ian-dhu-vic-Gillonie (whose father was killed in the ficht at Lochzeild against the English), and by Mac-Ian-vic-Conchy, and Mac-Conchy-Van." The story goes that, of any note, it was Lochiel's foster-brother alone, described as a youth, who fell in this notable battle. Lochiel's power and personal influence are shown in two ways—First, he appears to have dismissed his uncle Donald the Tutor, or, as it is expressed, "put the Tutor from his Tutorie." Second, Ewen, the then Boddach of Erracht, one of the most influential men of the house and clan, had been removed from Erracht and is described as "now of Delcattaig."

The present situation of Glenlui and Loch Arkaig, from a natural point of view, is unsatisfactory, possessed by about ten people only. The Lochiel family have a pious tradition that

the ancient people voluntarily forsook their homes to look for work at the Caledonian Canal. This work was to endure for ever, and enable them, with a lot of the Corpach Moss for a home, to live in a peace and comfort impossible in the glens. This most unhappy fable was, no doubt, set afloat by the evictors. For the people to leave of their own accord those fertile spots, those splendid grazings, that beautiful and magnificent territory, a worthy object of fierce contention for three hundred years betwixt two powerful clans, and for a temporary object, would, indeed, be casting upon a shrewd and thinking race the stigma of supreme folly.

In conclusion, Will this grand territory again be re-peopled? Will there again be a well-attended school at Kean-Loch Arkaig, and taught, as of old, by a Mackintosh? Will a gudeman of Strone, himself a soldier, again send out seven stalwart sons, officers, to bleed and die for their country? Will some of the race of the Boddachs of Erracht sally forth from their snug homes to give a kindly greeting to the passer by as he wends his way through the ever verdant Glenlui? Will hospitality again, with open doors, be dispensed at Muik? Will ladies like Miss Jeanie Cameron, fit to capture Princes, again come out of Glendessarie? Will the mill wheel of Inveruisk-a-Voullin again contentedly and steadily revolve performing its honourable work for the contented tillers of Glen Loy? Many will answer, No; and say, as well expect that the head waters of Knoydart and of Glengarry, which, for a time, run back to back, shall alter their ultimate destinations into the Atlantic and German Oceans. But they may be wrong, and

“Those who live shall see.”

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

JOHN CAMPBELL, THE LEDAIG POET, AT HOME.

[BY ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON.]

FEW districts in Britain, or indeed anywhere out of the Holy Land, possesses more attractions—in regard to scenery, historical association, and antiquarian interest—than Benderloch, which lies some half-dozen miles north of Oban, the fair capital of the Western Highlands. The road to it by the side of Loch Etive, passes the ruins of Dunstaffnage, historically acknowledged once to have been the central seat of government in Scotland, and associated with legendary tales regarding the Scoone Coronation Stone, now in Westminster Abbey.

Five miles from Oban is Connel Ferry, where are Ossian's "Falls of Lora," which, at certain states of the tide, especially at half ebb, are very turbulent rapids. These are caused by the narrowness of the passage, and a sunken reef of rocks, running nearly across the loch; the loud terrific roar of the rushing waters, is often heard at a considerable distance. Crossing Connel Ferry, we are in Benderloch. The sea-lochs indent and cut up this part of the coast to such an extent that the district between Loch Etive, Loch Creran, and the sea, is almost an island. The name, Benderloch, signifies "a hill between two lochs." Ledaig is the name of the hill, and there are plains on either side.

In Benderloch, are Vitriified Forts, Tings, or places for holding judicial courts as in Iceland, Cromlechs, Cairns, Stone Kists with the ashes of human remains, Lake Dwellings, and Urns. There are not only many burying places of pre-historic heathen days, but also later ruins of churches and churchyards, associated with St. Columba, St. Modan, and St. Patrick. In short, the district is rich in lore, legendary and historical, of heroes, kings, and saints. Yet it had been little written about, till my intimate and life-long friend, the late Dr. R. Angus Smith, F.R.S., the well-known scientist, sanitary authority, and many-sided philosopher, as a change from his ordinary professional work, devoted his attention, during the summer holidays of several years, to the elucidation of the pre-historical archæology of the district—having first

acquired the Icelandic and Gaelic languages, to aid him in his etymological investigations. Thus, bestowing upon it his usual careful, painstaking research, he has succeeded in investing a remote past with fresh human interest, the vivid results of which are embodied in his admirable and readable volume, entitled "Loch Etive and the Sons of Uisnach."

There is no lovelier or more romantic spot in the British Islands than John Campbell's cottage-dwelling and grounds at Ledaig, under the Great Rock, and I only wish I could convey to my readers some faint idea of the beauty of his home by the sea, amid the rocks and roses. It is, in truth, the very ideal of a poet's home, and, as a bard, he is known to the Gaels over the world. It is situated above the roadside, about two miles from Connel Ferry, immediately under Dun Valanree, near Dun Uisnach, and not far from the peat moss where, when with Dr Angus Smith, I first made the poet's acquaintance.

Standing above the road which skirts the shore, the house commands a magnificent view down the Sound of Kerrera, the mountains of Mull to the west, rising purple, pale green, blue, and of opalescent tints, ever varying with the changing atmospheric effects.

The dwelling consists of a little range of white houses, built at different times, one slated and the rest thatched. All of them are trailed over with climbing plants, and embossed in greenery, while the windows are well nigh smothered up with roses—red, white, tea, or damask—honeysuckles too, clematis, and luxuriant masses of *escalonía macrantha* abound, with its leaves of glossy green relieved by numerous clusters of scarlet wax-like flowers.

The poet of Ledaig is a botanist and a skilful practical florist, so that one is delighted to come on rare tropical plants that thrive elsewhere in this country only in conservatories. A rude stone wall pillar, in front of the house, is covered with ivy, and even the various door entrances and garden divisions are gracefully spanned with rustic arches of climbing roses, japonicas, and lush trails—bright with lilac, scarlet, white, and golden bloom—rendering the air around no less fragrant than the rose gardens of Gulistan or Shiraz.

The house stands a little higher than the road, just at the

broad end of a wedge-shaped gully rising very steeply behind it, between two high hills, and down which gully rushes a clear mountain stream.

The green Ledaig hill, close to the right of the house, is wooded to the top with dark pine trees; but Dun Valanree, on the left, is a singular looking rocky high overhanging headland, nearly bare, and, at the part furthest from the house, rising several hundred feet sheer from the roadside. In one of its perpendicular clefts, half-way up, grows a tall stately plane tree, while a few green patches of ivy may also be seen on the face of the rock. In the gully behind are some trees; and, where the slope affords any space or foothold, the poet, like the Swiss Alpine dwellers, has covered it with soil, and planted shrubs, flowers, currant and gooseberry bushes; and he has even laid out strawberry beds.

Climbing to a high part of the grounds behind the house, I observed a vine, a fig-tree, and several myrtles growing most luxuriantly; and, lower down, a moss rose, with a pink and a white bud, growing on the same stem, without having been grafted. A white rose was above, and another white rose below the pink one, on the same branch.

Opposite the cottage, between the road and the sea, on the top of the rocks which go down precipitously about twenty-four feet to the shore below, Mr. Campbell, in what he calls "the middle garden," has also formed extensive walks and planted a pleasance, abounding in labyrinthine paths, amid trees, shrubs, and flowers, quiet sequestered nooks, surprises, and rocky "coignes of vantage" commanding splendid views. Flowers attain great perfection here, while several hives of bees gather honey from the wealth of fragrant bloom.

In this garden there is a curious rock-cave in which nature has been helped by a window, a door, and a fire-place. It is comfortably seated all round, and in it Mr. Campbell has taught a Sunday School for many years. It can hold about fifty children. The table is made of a tree stump on which King Robert the Bruce lunched after that encounter with Macdougall of Lorn, at the battle of Dal-Righ (the King's Field), when he lost the brooch that fastened his plaid—having to leave both

brooch and plaid in the dying grasp of the three M'Keoch's who attacked him when alone. This historical relic is still in the possession of the Macdougall family.

Wordsworth took great delight and pride in landscape gardening, when he laid off the grounds at Rydal Mount; but he had not the superior natural advantages of situation possessed by Mr. Campbell. The poet of Ledaig, during the last thirty years, has laid soil mostly derived from scrapings of the road, among the rocks, and created a little paradise—thus making "the wilderness to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Where the rocks abruptly terminate, he has converted a long strip of beach, that slopes from the road down to the shore, into extensive and fertile strawberry beds. Enjoying the warmth of a sunny southern exposure, the famed Ledaig strawberries and other fruits are early, and of delicious flavour, as some of my readers may know who have tasted them at those Oban hotels, which have been so fortunate as to secure a supply from the poet.

Some of John Campbell's admirable and thoughtful poems have been translated into English by Professor Blackie, and full of genius, are spirited, pure, musical, and elevating.

Combining gardening with his duties of postmaster, the bard is a busy man, yet he has found time to aid scientific men especially in their botanical and antiquarian researches. He has often surprised the botanical Professors in Edinburgh by successfully growing tropical plants and keeping them alive in the open air during winter—plants that were never before known to thrive in this country under the same conditions.

So much for the fine balmy rock-sheltered situation of Ledaig, and the gifted poet-gardener's skill.

The other summer, in the month of June, when visiting my friend at Ledaig, I was delighted to find that he had succeeded in getting wild birds to come to him at his call.

One morning, we were out walking together on the high road, which runs parallel with and above the shore, in front of his romantic dwelling, when Mr. Campbell, calling a halt, said to me—"There, now, is one of my birds that I told you about"; and, holding out his hand, called out, "Robin, Robin, come pet,

come, come!" when the bird—a robin redbreast, came flying from the pinewood, alighted on his hand, and having eaten the crumbs placed there for it, flew away.

He told me that, at first, it for a time had come hesitatingly, but soon getting bolder, it ventured also to bring its mate. She was still more shy, to begin with ; but soon gaining confidence, came to feed, perching on the hand, as fearlessly as himself.

Mr Campbell, giving me some bread to lure the bird, called Robin back, and it forthwith alighted on *my hand*, eating the crumbs placed there for it, but ever perking up its head and looking warily into my face with its bright black bead-like eyes, after every pick, to make quite sure that all was right. The sensation of being so trusted was, to me, strange, pleasing, new and curious ; and I wonder how any one could ever be so mean as to betray such confidence.

Being once more at Ledaig, in August, after an interval of two months, I again saw and recognised one of the robins sitting on a spray of sweetbriar which trailed from the garden hedge. Speedily getting some crumbs, and calling to it, as Mr. Campbell had done when I was last there, it answered my call, came, and, alighting on my hand, ate as before, but seemed much more at its ease. This it repeatedly did during my stay.

Were it not for the wanton cruelty to which living creatures are often exposed, I firmly believe that birds, and other animals would be far more confiding, and, in time, get over that enforced salutary fear of man which long painful experience has moulded into an instinct.

I remember once, when visiting Thomas Aird, the poet, seeing him seated on a rustic seat in his garden at Dumfries, and hearing him call wild birds of different kinds by pet names he had given them, when they would come, alight on his knee, climb and flutter up on his breast, in order to thrust their bills into his mouth for sugar biscuits which he had there masticated and prepared for them. He would sometimes close his lips hard, on purpose to see their persistent efforts to bore in their beaks for their accustomed treat, which they knew was to be had for the taking.

Sometimes, on hearing his voice, several birds, other than

those he had called, came ; when he would peremptorily order, them all away, except the particular one he had called for by name, till at length they were educated into almost instant obedience.

It is on record, that Thoreau, the American naturalist possessed and exercised a similar power, in taming and making friends of all sorts of wild creatures.

By the careful avoidance of all sudden movements or tricks, by unvarying sympathetic kindness, and by never betraying their confidence, much may be done in this direction, with birds, beasts, and even with fishes.

Tennyson speaks of sailors landing on an uninhabited island where the birds—"so wild that they were tame"—knew no fear of man.

Mr. Campbell, in 1878, was elected an Associate of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh ; later, a Corresponding and Honorary Member of the Celtic Society of Montreal ; while his assured position as a Gaelic Bard is everywhere acknowledged by the best authorities. In 1888, he was elected an Honorary Life Member of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art.

Under his roof I was fortunate enough to hear a lady sing two of the most ancient Celtic melodies extant, both words and music having been orally handed down from the days of Ossian. The words of both the songs I heard sung, are to be found in the Dean of Lismore's MS. volume, which was compiled in the year 1530, and the island of Lismore is near Ledaig. The Dean then noted the words from tradition, and, more than three centuries later, they are still to be found among a few old people, having thus floated down from generation to generation, with only the difference of a few trifling verbal variations.

The subjects of both songs were laments, which Mr Campbell translated for me, expressing the very poetry of sorrow ; while the musical, dirge-like cadences, and strange, unexpected, weird intervals were as touchingly beautiful as they were sad.

Sitting at his fire-side, the poet greatly interested me, by telling me of a visit which my uncle, the late Professor Andrew Symington, D.D., had paid to Ledaig, more than fifty years ago, and of an address which he had then delivered, to the pupils, in

the Parish School, which was taught by Mr Campbell's father. The poet was at that time only a young boy, but so impressed was he with what he then heard that he perfectly remembered it, and gave me a clear, glowing outline of the whole address. How little we know where and when good seed shall spring up! A word in season, how good it is!

Of all the charming habitats I have visited in various parts of the world, I have never seen a dwelling-place which so perfectly realizes the ideal of a poet's home as John Campbell's picturesque little cottage at Ledaig, beside the great rock: a home with sweet humanities within; greenery and floral wealth without; and romantic surroundings of sea and mountain—scenery grand and fair.

The grounds, as I have said, are entirely of his own creation; and several times high tides and stormy seas have remorselessly devastated his fair paradise, the waves sweeping away the very soil itself from the laboriously formed rock garden. But, with pluck and praiseworthy perseverance, he each time succeeded in restoring it to its former loveliness; thus evolving cosmos from chaos, function which is notably characteristic of high art, and also of the indomitable spirit of Scottish independence.

The following poem, translated from the Gaelic by Professor Blackie, is taken from John Campbell's volume, published by Messrs. MacLachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, 1884:—

TO MRS. HOSACK.

(Song composed in honour of the marriage of William Hosack, Esq., Barcaldine, with Miss Campbell, of Lochnell, in June, 1875.)

My love is a lady, my love is a Campbell,
And she has come back to the Highlands again;
For the blood will run thin in the veins of a Campbell
When away from the heather that purples the Ben.

'Mid the pomp of huge London her heart was still yearning
For the home in the corrie, the crag, and the glen;
Though fair be the daughters of England, the fairest
And stateliest walks in the land of the Ben.

What poet may praise her! her virtues to number
Would baffle the cunning of pencil or pen;
Though fair be the casket, the jewel is fairer—
The best of true hearts for the best of good men.

She is comely and kind, and of gracefulest greeting,
Erect and well-girt as a Campbell should show,
And a heart with warm blood, and a pulse ever beating,
With loving reply to the high and the low.

Long ages have gone since the sires of thy people
 First pitched at Ardmucnas their tents on the shore,
 When Diarmid himself, with his spear and his harness,
 O'er the heights of the Garvaird gave chase to the boar.

The swan on the loch that belongs to thy people,
 Made vocal the billow to welcome thee home,
 And Kuairn and Meaderloch shouted together,
 "The Campbells are coming, the Campbell is come!"

Thanks to the man who had sense for to find thee,
 And steal back from England so dainty a flower;
 To live where the ties of thy kindred shall bind thee,
 And the love of thy people shall gird thee with power.

And we pray to the God, who gives blessing and bounty,
 That the seed nobly planted may gallantly grow;
 And that never a Campbell may fail on Loch Creran,
 While breezes shall wander and waters shall flow.

Speaking of the delights of such friendly intercourse as he frequently enjoys, the bard truly says in four Gaelic lines which, with the aid of his own literal translation, I attempt to render thus:—

"When glowing hearts together meet,
 A little while for converse sweet—
 On earth, than such pure friendly bias,
 There is no greater happiness."

Gaelic is Mr Campbell's native tongue, so that one would require to know that language in order to enjoy the natural rhythmic grace, and that particular, delicate, subtle aroma which all poetry loses in translation.

The Bard of Ledaig seldom ventures to express himself in English verse, but here are eight original lines which he sent me on New Year's day, to accompany a box of winter flowers, culled in his romantic rock-garden; and, with these, I close this article, gratefully bidding the poet adieu!

"We come from the land of the far-off West
 Where the heaving billows roar;
 Where the sea-birds sit on the waves' white crest
 As they dash on the rock-bound shore.
 We come from the land of mountains grand
 Where their peaks are capped with snow;
 But hearts are warm, and love's sweet charm
 Makes friendly feelings flow."

Landside, Glasgow.

"J. C. Ledaig, 31st Dec."